

# BOUND to the NORTH

by Harold MacGrath  
Illustrated by Henry Jay Lee

**WHOS WHO**  
**Jeanne Beaufort**, beautiful daughter of a Virginia planter, has lost her father and two brothers in the Civil War. (The year 1864.) She swears to Mrs. Wetmore, her aunt, that she will carry out the Biblical injunction for vengeance—"an eye for an eye!" While at Richmond she meets Henry Morgan, a debonair young officer, who falls in love with her. She repels his advances. She is engaged as a spy for the Confederate government and urged to use all the wiles and power of her sex to find one Parson Kennedy and bring him within the Southern lines. It is planned to have her make headquarters with a family of southern sympathy in Washington. Jeanne learns telegraphy and other technical branches of her new calling. And clad as a boy often in the Blue of the North, she makes her way through the lines. She learns of an organization of eleven Union spies and of their meeting place in a Richmond loft. As she overhears the leader address the masked men seated about a table, Jeanne is discovered and dragged into the room. The leader unmasks as he threatens her with death, but is dissuaded from shooting her by the suggestion from one of the men that one of their number marry her. She consents and when one of the masked men volunteers to marry she refuses and claims the right to choose. She rejects the volunteer and selects the one who suggested the marriage. Him she names "Irony." To her surprise the leader is no other than Parson John Kennedy. He performs the ceremony. "Irony" says his name is among those who sign as witnesses, (just before they leave her bound), in the following code form:  
 John Kennedy, D.D.  
 C-WG-L H-RD-M  
 A-NK-S P-PA-G  
 G-RD-A J-NK-F  
 J-WG-A F-BN-S  
 F-WG-S W-BE-H  
 Later Jeanne learns that Morgan is a spy.  
 To her surprise she receives a letter bearing the curious device she had seen tattooed on her husband's arm. The letter, ironical in its tone, shows that her unknown husband is still in Richmond and knows the name and identity of his wife! She cuts her hair, stains her face and, going to Baltimore, assumes the name of Alice Trent, not knowing such a person lived in Baltimore.

An intoxicated man accuses Jeanne and she is rescued by Captain John Armitage, a young Union officer whom she tells her assumed name.  
**CHAPTER X**  
**WASHINGTON**  
 Jeanne's hostess gave a reception in September to one of the South American ministers; and it was at this affair that Morgan was presented to "Alice Trent" while she was engaged in animated debate with Captain Armitage. She made room for the new arrival, and for a while divided her attention and attractions between the two men. She was called away presently.  
 "Charming young woman," was Morgan's comment. "Where is she from?"  
 "Baltimore, I believe," Armitage turned an inquiring eye upon Morgan. "Where do you keep yourself?"  
 "Under the Senator's thumb. I am beginning to weary of the position."  
 "Going?"—as Armitage rose.  
 "Work." With a curt nod Armitage departed.  
 When he was sure that Armitage had left the house, Morgan went in search of Jeanne.  
 "I haven't been to see you because I dared not. I fancy I am being watched—for what purpose I don't know as yet. I am mailing you a diagram of a certain house. There will be a secret passage to the attic. You will find a table there. In the drawer you will place once a week—preferably Thursdays—whatever important facts you pick up. I'll attend to the rest of it."  
 "If you will be at the Capitol at nine tomorrow morning, I'll give you something to do for me personally."  
 "I am always and ever at your service. Good-by, then, until tomorrow."  
 He went away with the old enigmatical smile on his lips; and Jeanne fell to comparing the two men. When a young woman begins to compare two men of her acquaintance, it is a danger-signal for one of them: she is about to place in her permanent regard one above the other.  
 Promptly at nine that next morning Jeanne stopped her carriage before the Capitol. Morgan was strolling along, apparently engaged in studying the cracks in the sidewalk.  
 "Mr. Morgan!" she called.  
 He looked up, paused and raised his hat.  
 "Good morning, Miss Trent."

"Step in and I'll drop you wherever you say."  
 "That is very good of you. I was going to one of the recruiting stations. The work is slow."  
 All this was of course for the benefit of the driver. When they were on the way, when the noise drowned their voices, she handed him a note. He opened it.  
 "What's this?"  
 "I want you to find out who these men are. They belong to the Secret Service, or an arm of it. One of them will have a tattooed mark on his left forearm. Have you ever run across a man named Parson Kennedy?"  
 "The Parson? Frequently."  
 "I want that man when I can talk to him undisturbed. He can tell me what those letters mean."  
 "Would an abduction serve?"  
 "It would."  
 "Then everything falls out nicely. And the reward?"  
 "We'll talk of that later."  
 "Well, you shall see Parson Kennedy twice to-night—once at Sumner's and again in a certain hut by the Potomac. I'll give you the directions. But what's in the air?"  
 "That is my affair." But she softened the retort with a smile.  
 "You are wearing a wig; you have died your skin. If I did not know you with the eyes of love, I'd have some difficulty in recognizing you. Please pardon my asking you a question: your arms and shoulders?"  
 "I have not neglected them. You saw that last night. But if you think this is a good opportunity to make love to me, you are mistaken. In this game of espionage we are partners; but beyond that, nothing."  
 "Who can say? Do you think I will ever give you up?"  
 "Here is your recruiting station. I had best drop you. What is that soldier tacking up! Dead or Alive! Read it—then come and tell me."  
 He came back, smiling with his lips but covertly warning her with his eyes.  
 "It is a dodger for the apprehension of Jeanne Beaufort, dead or alive medium height, slender, handsome, dark eyes, very pale, dull copper-colored hair; wears boy's clothes successfully."  
 "A woman spy? How interesting!"  
 "Before God, you are a gallant woman!" he whispered. A loud he said: "Thanks for the lift, Miss Trent."  
 She smiled back at him as she drove off.  
 "Dead or alive. But she went shopping. Jeanne Beaufort, dead or alive!"

How small she was, how helpless—and how long that arm suddenly reaching out for her! So, after all these months, they had found out who she was? Slender, handsome, very pale. Immediately everything became eyes.  
 Dead or alive! She was a coward. She wanted to run away and hide; she wanted the strong, comforting arms of her Aunt Della; she wanted her room at home.  
 But her indomitable spirit did not long remain crushed.  
 She traced this catastrophe to the man who had entered her room. She knew now that he had been hunting for her photograph. Well, he hadn't found it. She possessed but one, and that was at home. After all, she had been expecting this. She had known that she could not go on forever, indefinitely, without leaving some positive trace of her individuality. Let them catch her if they could; forewarned and forearmed.  
 She reached home at noon, at the precise moment Parson John Kennedy entered the private office of the chief of the Secret Service bureau.  
 "Kennedy, we've found the name of your scorpion, as you call her. We've sent out dodgers, 'dead or alive' stuff. The description is meager because G-RD-A is a bumpkin where women are concerned. A paper found on a dead man and signed opened up the way for G-RD-A. He has seen her but once, and this description is from memory."  
 "The name!"  
 "Wait a moment. You told me a remarkable tale the other night, or part of one. I have every reason to believe that that young woman and your scorpion are one and the same. Her name is Jeanne Beaufort; and she is particularly good in assuming boy and young men roles."  
 "He has set out to find a photograph of her, and if there is one, he'll get it."  
 "Jeanne Beaufort—if we find her, it will be in Washington, mark my words."  
 "The man you suspect goes nowhere."  
 "Smells a rat, likely."  
 "They have hanged poor Fogarty." Kennedy bent his head. "He was a brave young man. I came to ask for Armitage. I want him to follow me for the next twelve hours and never let me slip out of his sight. I've been threatened again."  
 "You shall have Armitage. I'm glad you spoke as you did. He was about to rejoin his regiment."  
 There were several arms of the Secret Service in those days, and the most important was of course the military.  
 The War Office and Secret Service bureau had authority to draw a man from his regiment in all cases except when he was under fire. A good spy had to be a ready thinker, of flash-impulses, of swift invention—and above all, young. It was the middle-aged who carefully weighed everything and then started forward just a little too late. Parson Kennedy was the exception.  
 When he left the Sumner place that night he dismissed his hired carriage. The bribed coachman drove off, muttering into his beard, while the two

men cowering inside swore softly in chagrin.  
 But they in turn had for once looked farther ahead than Parson Kennedy; and before he had walked two blocks, three men fell aful of him. Strong as he was, he was not a superman. They forced some pungent liquid through his teeth, and a cloth was held over his nose.  
 When he came out of his stupor he found himself securely bound to a chair. Near by was a common table, and on this a single candle burned.  
 A cabin—but where? How far was he from the city? Where was Armitage?  
 When the last phase of dizziness left his eyes he dimly saw two shadowy forms by the cabin door. The smaller spoke in a half-whisper.  
 "Send the men away, and you guard the door from the outside."  
 "He is a dangerous man."  
 "Not at this moment. Do as I say." The taller man went out reluctantly to obey orders. A boyish figure approached Parson Kennedy and stood with folded arms. Kennedy could not see the face, for the hat was drawn down too far; but he wondered where he had seen that figure before, that attitude.  
 "Parson Kennedy, look at this carefully." The speaker drew out a folded sheet of paper, opened it and held it out for his inspection. The Parson strained at his bonds his eyes protruding.  
 "You remember that, then?" asked the boyish one.  
 "Aye!"—in a half roar.  
 "Tell me the names of each of these men, and you shall go free. Refuse, and you shall be carried to Richmond, where they will hang you by the neck."  
 "Hanged by the neck!" Kennedy laughed—laughter that had the infection of a baited tiger snarling at his iron. "Yes, I know you, you little viper! Carry me away and hang me, but never a word will you get out of me. That's final. You'll suffer, wonder always who the man was. I know. But think you to dig it out of my lips?"  
 A face appeared at the side window and vanished hastily.  
 "I will say this much, Jeanne Beaufort—ah, you start! I regret that I did not shoot you out of hand when I had the opportunity."  
 Jeanne returned the paper to her pocket. She turned toward the door, only to pause in alarm. She heard a curse, some muffled blows—a body crashed against the rotting boards. A moment later a revolver cracked; two shots followed; then came a tramping of feet, and then silence. The door opened, and a man entered swiftly. He wore a handkerchief over the lower part of his face.  
 "Don't move," he warned Jeanne. He passed around her to the Parson. With one hand holding a steady weapon, he worked with the other at the confusion of knots.  
 "Don't let her get away. What a prize, what a prize!" cried Kennedy. The revolver wavered, Jeanne swept the candle from the table, overturned that and flew to the door unerring, banged it after her.  
 "Armitage?" he bellowed Kennedy.  
 "Quick! The others will be com-

ing back."  
 They groped hurriedly for the door, stumbled out and ran toward the grove, throwing themselves down into the thicket.  
 "Do you know who that was?" whispered Kennedy.  
 "God knows, I shall never cease to remember that night!"  
 "Pah!"  
 "She got away."  
 "You speak as if you were glad of it?"  
 "I am."  
 "Milkop! That woman is Jeanne Beaufort; and you have let her go!"  
 "Jeanne Beaufort!"  
 "Aye! And through your maudlin sentiments you have freed her!"

In the small hours of that morning, in a mean room, a man sat wearily at a table, his bare left arm stretched across it. At the other side was a tattooer. He was putting on the finishing touches of a circle with the Greek-like letters in the center.  
 (Continued Next Week)  
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